



Shattered



17 5 6

Chapter 1 by Catherine Ryan

Hey everyone! I just wanted to ask that we keep this story clean and appropriate!

Ethan reaches out for my hand, but I pull away. "Amber." He says. His voice cracks. He is broken. But he is not the only one; he has shattered my life one too many times.

"No." I say, and I take a step back. I watch his eyes, as they reflect his soul splintering into a million pieces. I turn away before I give in. "Good bye." I say.

I yank open the door and dive into the night. The tears begin before I can make it to my car. Through my bleary eyes I pull open my car door and sob into the steering wheel. Somewhere in my sub conscience I register that the door was unlocked, something I never forget to do. I then become aware of a pair of eyes staring at me in the rear view mirror. A scream leaps into my throat, but is stopped by a coarse hand over my lips.

"I'm sorry it came to this, Amber." A greasy voice says. I freeze. It isn't Ethan's.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



The hand gently begins to caress my cheek. "I'm truly sorry. Truly. And don't worry, it's not a perverted creep in your back seat about to do god-knows-what-at-this-hour to a beautiful virgin like yourself. I'm here to act just as clean and appropriate as is humanly possible for a middle-aged man as myself may."

I stifled a sob. "Uncle Walber?"

"Yes." The man leaned forward. "It is your gentle, kind, and always respectful Uncle Walber. I'm hear to listen to your woes, to nod thoughtfully, and to give you some advice. Speak, child, and

tell me what has happened between you and Ethan. I liked the boy myself, but young men at that age... well, they can be thoughtless. See more of Story Wars

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I was so glad that it was my Uncle Walber. I was afraid something horrifying was about to happen. I thought for a moment, how could I even BEGIN to explain what Ethan did to me.

I wanted to say something bad about Ethan, I wanted to make something up so it looked like he was some careless, misogynistic jerk. But I suppose that wouldn't get me anywhere. I had to tell Uncle Walber the truth.

I took a deep breath to stifle my sobbing. "He's done the worst thing imaginable, Uncle Walber! I can't believe he'd do something like this!"

"What is it, Amber? You can tell me. I'm here to help." Uncle Walber's calm, deep voice is very soothing.

"Well, you tonight was prom, and it was supposed to be really special. And he.. He.. He gave me a Rolex, INSTEAD of an Audemars Piguet.. Even worse, he gave it to me in front of all my friends! It was so embarrassing! It's like he never even loved me!" I couldn't hold it in anymore, I started weeping. This was probably the worst day of my life. How could Ethan be so thoughtless?!

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